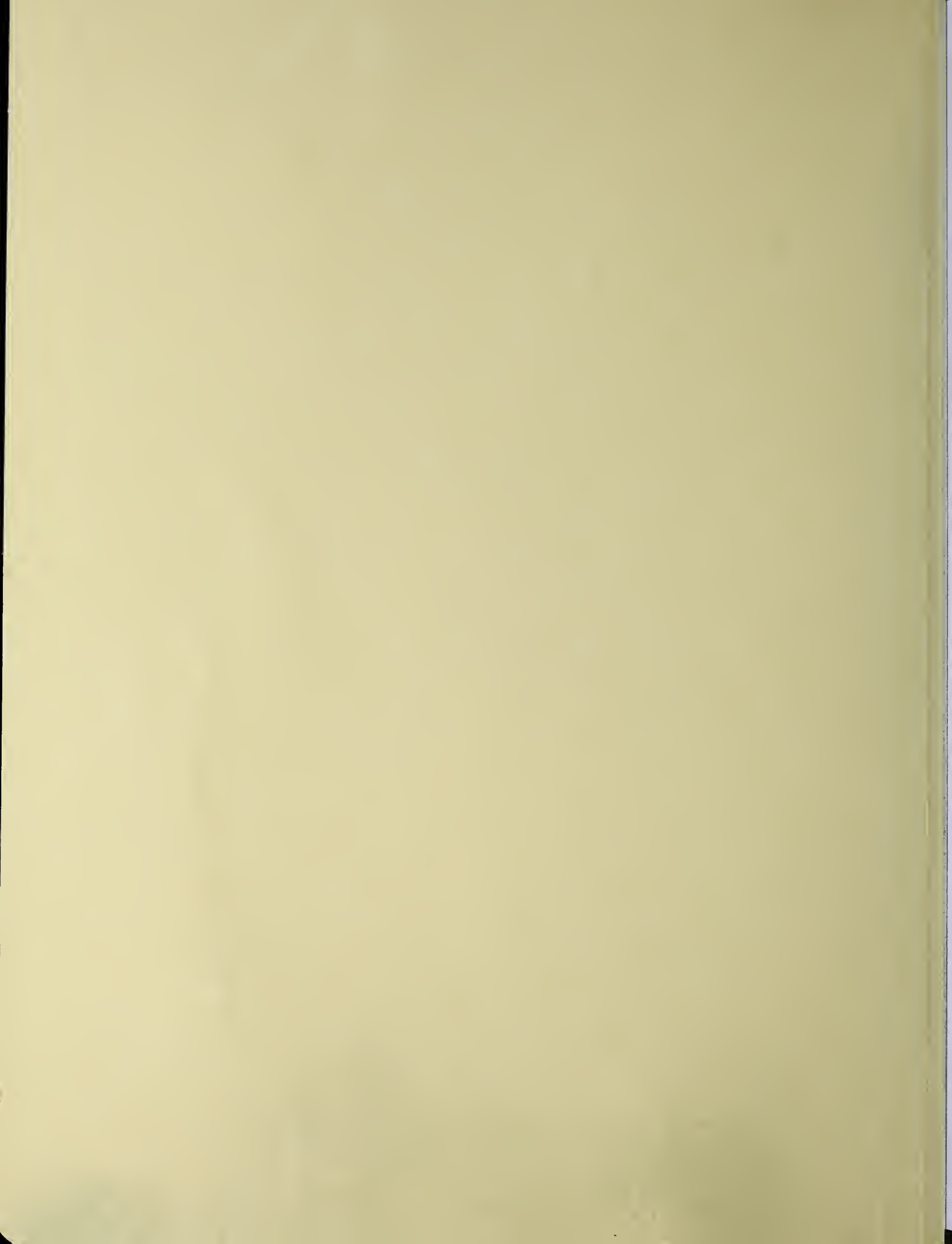


HAWAII

DRAWER 12A

OTHER STATES

71.2009.085 65270



Other States

Hawaii

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

THEO. H. DAVIES & CO. LTD

FOUNDED 1845

SUGAR FACTORS

MERCHANTS AND COMMISSION AGENTS

Agents for Lloyd's

CABLE ADDRESS "DRACO"

CODES: ACME, BENTLEY'S, WESTERN UNION, SCOTT'S
AND OTHER STANDARD CODES

LINCOLN NATIONAL

PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT

Referred to

REC'D MAR 22 1951

Answered

LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Honolulu 2, T. H.

POST OFFICE BOX 3020

March 19, 1951

Bob
Eman

Lincoln National Life Insurance Company
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Attn: John White

Gentlemen:

The enclosed from the Sunday supplement of the Honolulu Advertiser. I attended this tableau which was presented by the children to a special audience consisting of the Acting Governor and a group of educators and business men, and as is our custom presented them with some Lincoln material.

((It is indeed an experience to hear the Gettysburg Address recited by children of Oriental ancestry.

Very truly yours,

THEO. H. DAVIES & CO., LTD.

Albert

Albert M. Harris, Manager
Life Insurance Department

AMH:af
Encl.

THEO. H. DAVIES & CO. LTD
FOUNDED 1845
SUGAR FACTORS
MERCHANTS AND COMMISSION AGENTS

Agents for Floods

CABLE ADDRESS "DRACO"
CODES: ACME, BENTLEY'S, WESTERN UNION, SCOTT'S
AND OTHER STANDARD CODES

LINCOLN NATIONAL
PUBLISHERS
Referred to

REC'D MAR 22 1951

Answered

LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Honolulu 2, T. H.

POST OFFICE BOX 3020

March 19, 1951

*Bob
Eman*

Lincoln National Life Insurance Company
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Attn: John White

Gentlemen:

The enclosed from the Sunday supplement of the Honolulu Advertiser. I attended this tableau which was presented by the children to a special audience consisting of the Acting Governor and a group of educators and business men, and as is our custom presented them with some Lincoln material.

((It is indeed an experience to hear the Gettysburg Address recited by children of Oriental ancestry.

Very truly yours,

THEO. H. DAVIES & CO., LTD.

Albert

Albert M. Harris, Manager
Life Insurance Department

AMH:af
Encl.



SOUTH PACIFIC CELEBRATION

by Marjorie Vandervelde • If you happen to approach the Marquesan Island called Hiva Oa on February 12, you will rub your eyes and take a second look. In the palm-fanned tropical village of Atuana, the United States flag flutters; a home-made flag, one observes on closer examination, but all the more impressive! What's more, the shops and copra warehouse are closed.

But the village church is open, and from it floats the singing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic"! Barefoot and flower-decked Polynesians finish the song, then welcome you to a roast pig feast set out on fiber mats on the ground. The pig and other goodies have been roasted in a hole lined with hot stones.

You decide someone's birthday is being celebrated, and ask whose.

"You do not *know*?" they ask, amazed. Then, hurry to inform you, "It is the Abraham Lincoln birthday!"

"But why . . ." you start, then you are stopped by a juicy slice of pineapple. This is the story that is told:

In the year 1853, the American ship, *Congress*, had been chasing whales in the South Seas too long. Much too long. The crew was tired of the job and of each other. What is more they were in need of drinking water, fresh foods, and time to repair the hull and rigging. Captain C. Stranburg gave

orders to set sail for one of the islands, so the *Congress* dropped anchor at Hiva Oa Island, in the bay called Puamau.

Ship weary, every member of the crew wanted to go with the landing party in the small boat to trade with the natives for supplies. But the boat would hold only a few.

First Mate Jonathan Whalon jibed, "Don't ya swabs wisht *you* was Mate? Course I'll go, fer sure." Then he explained to the captain, "I been readin' Herman Melville's *Typee*, so I know all 'bout these islanders."

Well, Captain Stranburg did send Whalon, along with several others. What they did not know was that not long before, another ship that did "black-birding" on the side (kidnapping people to sell for slaves) had dropped anchor exactly where the *Congress* now lay. That Peruvian vessel's crewmen had fired on the native villages, and had carried away the chief's son along with others who were never seen again. The cannibal chief had vowed to eat the next white men he saw!

So it was that, as Whalon led his helpers ashore on that island that looked like a paradise, he was grabbed by a brown-skinned man carrying a spear. The other crewmen ran to their boat and paddled as hard as they could go, back to the *Congress*.

Ashore other spear-carrying men appeared, and they marched Whalon ahead of them into the jun-

gle to a stone altar, well smoked from much use. There the men pushed Whalon to the ground and tied him to roots of a tree where he strained at the vine-ropes until his flesh was bruised and bleeding. The men gathered wood, piling it by the stone altar.

Whalon let out a sharp whistle, hoping his crewmates might be searching. But it only got him a hard kick, and a gag over his mouth.

Somebody *was* coming through the trees on the run. Could it be the captain? No! Just another brown man, who stopped to look at Whalon. Was there something different about this one? He started to argue with the chief, trying to persuade him to let the white man go!

But the chief only glared and said, "Tomorrow's Sunday. We have big *puana enata*, long-pig-feast of revenge."

Darkness fell like a curtain in the jungle. The chief and another lay down on the ground to guard the prisoner, the others left. That was the longest night of Whalon's life.

When, at long last, the dawn came, men flocked in from all directions. The chief was getting ready to start the fire when the man who had tried to save Whalon arrived, with another, also brown-skinned—but dressed in black top hat and white suit with a bright red necktie. The men turned to admire his clothes, even the chief. There followed a lively conversation between these two. Mr. Top Hat was pleading for Whalon's life!

"You know, Chief Mato," he said, "you know what'll happen if you kill this American. The entire U. S. Navy will come."

"I'll eat them, too," thundered the chief.

"Will you accept my whaleboat in exchange for the man's life?"

"No! I will roast and eat this man! I remember my own son, stolen by his kind." The chief reached out to feel the soft fabric of Mr. Top Hat's coat, and a smile cut his hard face.

"You like my preaching clothes?" asked Mr. Top Hat, who, Whalon knew now, must be the James Kekela he'd heard about.

"I like," the chief admitted. Again he rubbed the cloth between his rough fingers. Then, wavering, he thumbed toward the trussed white man and muttered, "His flesh looks tough and stringy, I think maybe."

"Most sailors are," James Kekela said, "and being seamen, they make salty eating I hear."

Still the chief hesitated. He gazed at the preaching clothes, then at his own naked body.

"I'll give you my top hat, too." Mr. Kekela held out the hat. "It would make you a tall man . . . And, here are my coat and tie."

Chief Mato slipped into the white coat, wrapped

the red tie around his neck, and pushed the top hat on his haystack of hair. Then he strutted around the altar to model his finery.

Even Whalon had to grin. *Especially* he had to grin because he was coming out winner in this crazy game. For now the chief was addressing his men: "I'm going to the beach to have a ride in my new whaleboat. Untie the white man and let him go. He's salty and tough, anyway. Then go catch a wild pig for feasting."

James Kekela and his friend cut Whalon loose saying, "Come fast, before Chief Mato changes his mind."

The three ran down the jungle path, not stopping until they reached the water where they could wave and shout toward the ship. In minutes a small boat was sent from the *Congress*.

"You saved my life!" was all Whalon could say to James Kekela.

"Well, you see, I'm a missionary here. You can see the islanders don't take to white men, so it seemed that a brown Hawaiian might have better luck establishing a mission. Sometimes it's touch-and-go."

Nobody knows just how Whalon and the vessel, *Congress*, expressed appreciation to James Kekela, before taking quick leave of the island. But it is a matter of record that a report of the incident reached President Lincoln and he immediately responded with tokens of appreciation. To James Kekela he sent money to buy a new boat, and a gold watch bearing this inscription:

From the President of the United States to Reverend J. Kekela, for his noble conduct in rescuing an American citizen from death on the Island of Hiva Oa."

President Lincoln also sent a letter of commendation.

In response, James Kekela wrote this answer:

"We have received your gifts. It is, indeed, in keeping with all I have known of your acts as President of the United States. . . . I am, your ob't serv't, James Kekela."

The inscribed watch is now in a historical museum in Honolulu. As for its effect on people of Hiva Oa, they vowed to celebrate, annually, Lincoln's birthday.

So, should you be in that island village of Atuana on any February 12, you may join in the Gettysburg Address and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

"Mr. Lincoln," the Polynesian islanders say, "honored bravery, so he must have been brave. We honor him in return."





Lincoln Lore

July, 1977

Bulletin of the Louis A. Warren Lincoln Library and Museum. Mark E. Neely, Jr., Editor. Published each month by the Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana 46801.

Number 1673

Lincoln Autographed Debates: Samuel Long Copy

This article is the fourth in *Lincoln Lore's* series on the copies of the *Political Debates Between Hon. Abraham Lincoln and Hon. Stephen A. Douglas in the Celebrated Campaign of 1858, in Illinois* inscribed by Abraham Lincoln to his friends and political associates. Lincoln is said to have received one hundred copies of this book to give away. Harry E. Pratt's "Lincoln Autographed Debates" (*Manuscripts*, VI [Summer, 1954], 194-201) listed eighteen copies known to exist at that time. Now, Mrs. Donald Trescott, Special Collections Librarian at the Brown University Library, has written to tell us about the copy in their Lincoln collection, and it seems to be the nineteenth known copy, for it was not listed by Harry Pratt in 1954. Lincoln students and bibliophiles owe a debt to Mrs. Trescott for taking the time and trouble to describe Brown University's copy.

The copy is inscribed "To Dr. Samuel Long/with respects of/A. Lincoln." The copy came to the fine (but ironically named) McLellan Lincoln Collection at Brown through the good offices of Harry Pratt. He obtained the copy from Mrs. J.R. Kennedy. The book had previously belonged to her late husband's grandfather. Dr. Samuel Long, to whom Lincoln wrote his inscription, had one son who died young and one daughter, Annie, who married Samuel Porter Kennedy. Presumably, he was J.R. Kennedy's grandfather.

Marion Pratt, who was a thorough and knowledgeable Lincoln researcher, apparently furnished Brown with a list of the references to Dr. Samuel Long from the *Illinois State Journal*. These provide us with the rough outlines of the doctor's career. He was listed as a physician in Lincoln's home town, Springfield, by 1851. A year later he became the city's corporation physician and the city physician. In 1853, he married Elizabeth Almira Collins; they lost their son in 1856.

We know that Dr. Long was not the Lincolns' physician in Springfield; his connection with Lincoln was apparently political. In 1858, he was a delegate to the Illinois State Republican Convention, where he may have heard Lincoln deliver his famous "House Divided" Speech. As a member of the reception commit-

tee of that Convention, he doubtless congratulated the party's nominee for the Senate seat held by Stephen A. Douglas. Later that summer, Dr. Long was a successful candidate for the post of alderman in Springfield. At this point, his career began to take a turn for the worse. In May of 1859, he resigned as trustee of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Jacksonville, Illinois. In August, he resigned his aldermanic seat and went to Texas. In September, he returned from Texas. The last reference to Dr. Long noted that he was serving as a United States Grand Juror in June of 1860. At that point, the references to Dr. Long supplied by Mrs. Pratt end.

Happily, a few other fugitive sources tell the rest of the tale. Milton H. Shutes in *Lincoln and the Doctors* (New York: Pioneer Press, 1933) claimed that "Dr. Samuel Long . . .

abandoned the practice of medicine when President Lincoln appointed him consul at Havana." But the post at Havana was much too important to entrust to a provincial physician from the President's home town. A center for conflicts over blockade-running, Havana would play an important part in the background of the famous *Trent* affair, the diplomatic crisis which nearly brought intervention from England on the side of the Confederacy. The consul at Havana was Robert Wilson Shufeldt, a New Yorker with sixteen years' experience in the navy, who had spent the six years immediately before the war as a merchant captain sailing from New Orleans to Havana. True, he was not a career diplomat, and the political influence of his friend, Connecticut Senator Truman Smith, on fellow Nutmegger and Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles was the critical connection in gaining Shufeldt the consulship. Nevertheless, he was familiar with dealing with the Spanish colonial empire, he spoke Spanish fluently, and he had been a frequent visitor to Havana. Dr. Long seems to have had none of these qualifications.

Ensley Moore's article on "The Collins Family and Connections" in the *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society* for April, 1919, noted that Dr. Long served as consul to Lahaina in the Sandwich Islands, and a

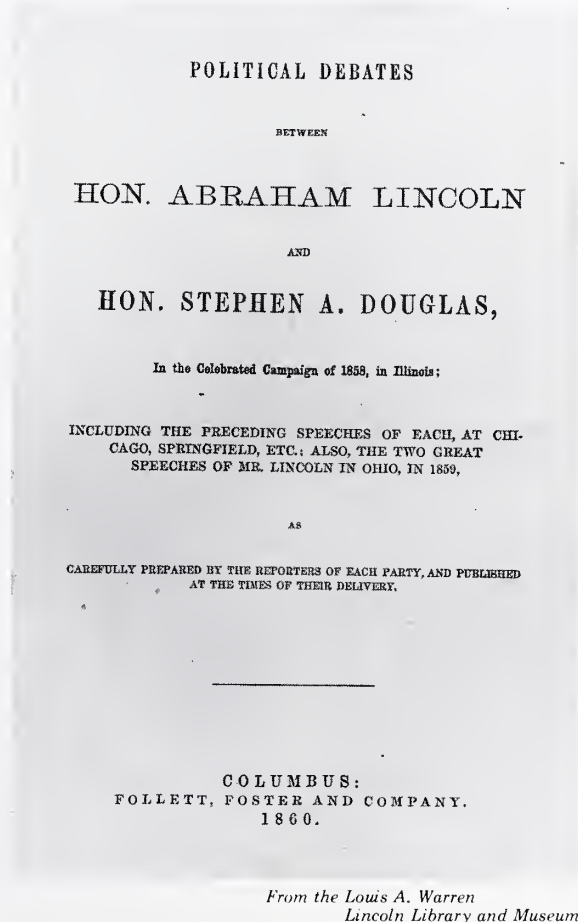
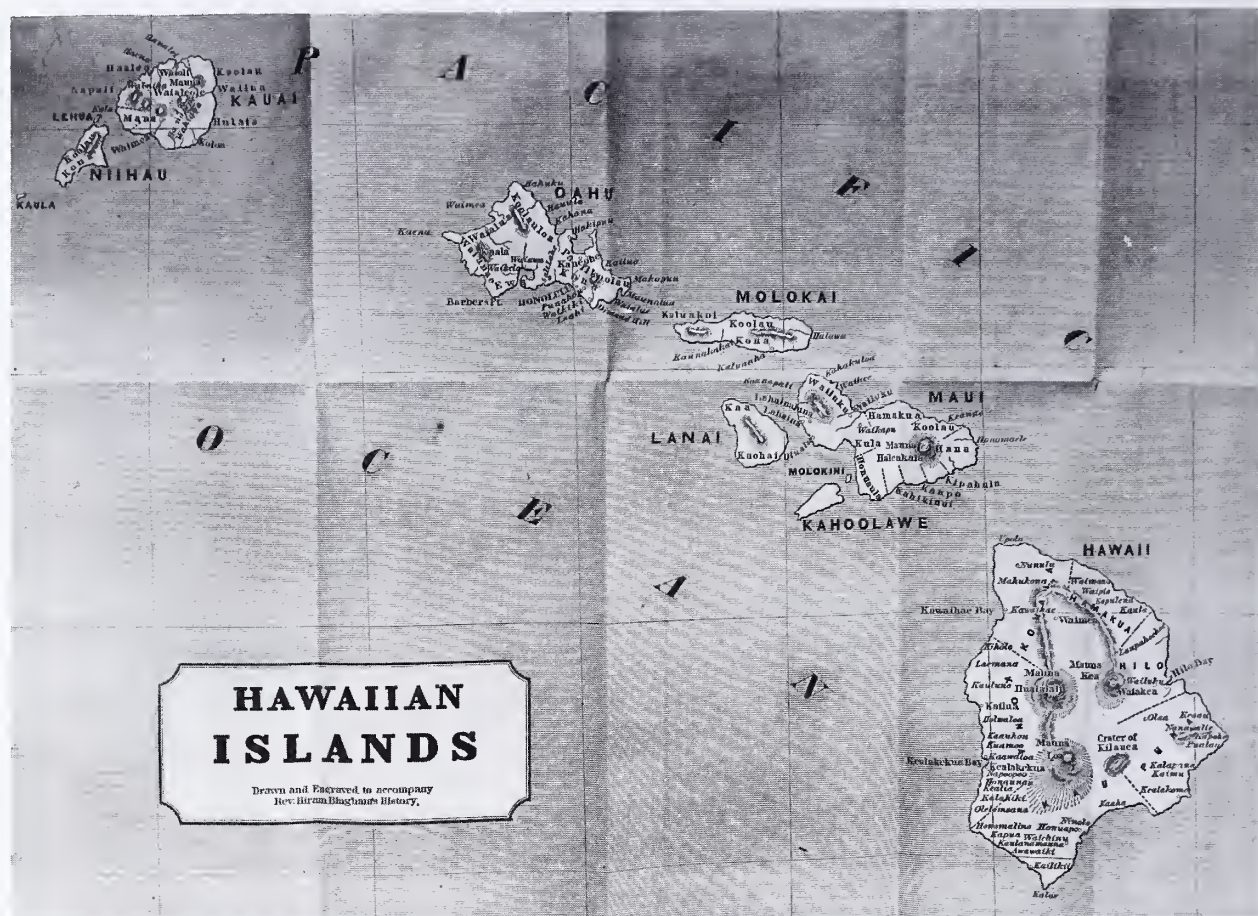


FIGURE 1. Title page of the published version of the Lincoln-Douglas Debates. Lincoln customarily signed the presentation copies on the flyleaf.



From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum

FIGURE 2. Map of the Hawaiian Islands from Hiram Bingham's *Residence of Twenty-one Years in the Sandwich Islands* (Canandaigua, New York: H.D. Goodwin, 1855).

letter in the Library of Congress's Robert Todd Lincoln Collection confirms this and explains much about Dr. Long's later life. The Sandwich Islands, incidentally, were what we call the Hawaiian Islands today. Lahaina is on the island of Maui.

On July 15, 1861, Dr. Long wrote Secretary of State William H. Seward a long and unhappy letter from the Sandwich Islands. Long asked Seward to give his letter to President Lincoln and wrote Lincoln on the same date to make sure that he knew he was supposed to receive the letter after Seward read it. Dr. Long reminded Seward that he had accepted the post at Lahaina only because of Seward's "persuasion and influence." Lincoln, Long claimed, had promised him that he would be consul at Honolulu. "I supposed at the time," he added, "that you meant to do me a kindness, and so at your instance was persuaded to relinquish the Honolulu Consulate, for the one I now hold."

Hinting perhaps that he did not trust Seward's motives as well, Dr. Long wrote, "Mr. Lincoln, I know meant me well." Nevertheless, Long would never have accepted Seward's offer had he known the position he would occupy immediately after his arrival. Here was his plight:

On the 28th day of March I received my final instructions and passport, and left Washington for my post of duty. — I had heard of the investigations, that had taken place in Honolulu, and at this place, and supposed, when I accepted the position I occupy, that the matter was all settled satisfactorily, and that I would be permitted to come out and occupy in peace, as long as I discharged my trust faithfully and honestly, this Consulate. — But not so — I had been here a few days only over a month, when Dr. H.H. Baseley presents himself to me, as a "Special Consular Commissioner," clothed with most extraordinary powers, to

alter, modify, and change any and everything pertaining to this Consulate. — He has power to break up this Consulate effectually, and to transfer its Hospital to Honolulu. — He has power to take from my hands all patronage, so that I shall be unable to retain with me, as a friend and companion, the gentleman who came with me from home, to act as purveyor and Physician of my Consulate, and in short, the result of the investigations of the Special Commissioner will be, that he will recommend the abolition of this Consulate and of the one at Hilo, and the concentration of all governmental authority in these Islands, in the person of a Consul General to reside at Honolulu, with agencies here, and at Hilo. —

Dr. Long agreed that the reorganization would save the government money, but he was miffed to "find that Dr. Baseley's latest instructions bear date of March 30, 1861, only two days later than mine. — It does appear to me that when such a sweeping reform was intended in this Consulate, that it would have been but justice to myself, to give me notice at that time of any such intention, and then if I should conclude to come to Lahaina, it would be at my own risk." Dr. Long wanted "to give no offence in this writing," but Seward had "cut me up, root and branch." "I do not wish to remain here," he said flatly, "when this Consulate is bereft of all patronage, and made an appendage of the Honolulu Consulate." Long's request was simple: he wanted the Honolulu Consulate, the object of his "first wishes."

Dr. Long put heavy pressure on Secretary of State Seward. He reminded the Secretary that Lincoln "knows me well, and has known me long." He pointed out that the three thousand dollars he spent from his own funds to reach the Sandwich Islands and establish housekeeping had ruined him "pecuniarily." Moreover, the healthfulness of the climate in Honolulu



From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum

FIGURE 3. Secretary of the State William H. Seward.

was fully as good as that on the rest of the Sandwich Islands, and it was apparently for the sake of his health that he had sought a tropical post. Doubtless, Dr. Long's concern about his health explains much. Failing health probably led him to resign his various positions of public responsibility in Illinois in 1859. Climate probably led him to Texas, and politics probably led him right back to Illinois, for Texas in 1860 was no place for a staunch Republican like Dr. Long. "Take into consideration," Long concluded, "the distance I am from my home, my pecuniary situation, and the condition of my family which is with me, and remember that you alone, are the cause of my being thus situated, and if you have any 'bowels of mercy' about you, I shall receive a favorable answer to my request."

Dr. Long's note to Lincoln was much shorter and considerably less intemperate in tone. He begged "that if I have any hold in your esteem, or place in your kind feelings, as you long ago, unsolicited, assured me I had, you will grant the request I have made to you." He reminded Lincoln of his poor

health: "I find the climate of these Islands very beneficial to my health, and if I can remain here several years, I have every assurance to believe that I will get well." He ended his plea with "all the earnestness of a drowning man, who catches at every straw floating by."

We do not know the resolution of Dr. Long's difficulties, but it is not hard to guess that his plea fell on deaf ears. In the first place, the arguments he used for the move to Honolulu were also circumstances which indicated that he would have little choice in the matter should Seward stick by his choice for Honolulu. Financially pressed and needing a tropical climate, Dr. Long was in no position to quit and go home if he were not offered the Honolulu post. In the second place, Dr. Long was up against another solid Lincoln friend in Hawaii.

The Honolulu post was held by Thomas J. Dryer, a journalist from Oregon. When he swung the Portland *Oregonian* into the Republican camp in 1859, he gained enough influence in the party to be made a Lincoln elector in 1860. Since he actually carried the tally of Oregon's vote to Washington for the official count, he was present in Washington to seek an office just at the time Lincoln was forming his new government. He took the Hawaii post when it was offered, but for a time the Senate blocked his confirmation because of his rumored fondness for strong drink. It took the efforts of Oregon Senator Edward D. Baker to get Dryer's confirmation through the Senate, and Baker had to pledge his "sacred honor" that the charge that Dryer was intemperate was untrue. The Senate then confirmed him.

Dr. Long was doubtless an old friend of Abraham Lincoln's, but Lincoln had few friends of longer standing than Edward D. Baker. Mainstays of the Whig party in central Illinois back in the 1840s, Lincoln and Baker were close enough associates that Lincoln named his son Eddie after Baker. Baker was Dryer's sponsor for the Hawaii job, and it is doubtful that President Lincoln would do anything to upset his administration of the Hawaiian consulate even for the sake of another friend from Illinois. In fact, Lincoln passed Long over for another Oregonian in 1863, when the Honolulu post was upgraded to the level of minister resident. Lincoln appointed Dr. James McBride, an Oregon physician, farmer, and Republican stalwart.

Brown University's historic presentation copy of the *Debates* is an artifact which suggests a fascinating story of friendship and politics, a story which stretches all the way from central Illinois to the islands of the Pacific. Those who are not collectors or who are not browsers in museums and rare book libraries often are puzzled at others' interest in fly-specked and damp-stained copies of books with scribbled signatures in them. Most often, of course, it is not the objects themselves but the tales of far-flung adventures suggested by the objects which cause the fascination. The appeal of such stories, when they are known, proves hard to resist.

Olivia Coolidge's Lincoln Biography for Young Adults

If you have been searching recently for good high school graduation presents, or if you have a teenager around the house idled by summer unemployment, Olivia Coolidge has provided one solution to your problems. She has finished a two-volume biography of Abraham Lincoln, which, though written for young readers, will not insult their intelligence or show them American history through rose-colored glasses. The first volume, called *The Apprenticeship of Abraham Lincoln*, was published by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1974. The second volume, entitled *The Statesmanship of Abraham Lincoln*, was published by Scribner's last year. Each volume is about 230 pages in length, attractively printed, and unburdened by scholarly apparatus like footnotes which can scare a younger reader away.

Olivia Coolidge is the author of more than twenty-five books for young readers, many of them biographies. Born in London, she graduated from Oxford University, taught English in Boston's Winsor School, and became a professional writer. Classical civilization has been one of her major interests since her original training at Oxford, but she has also written books on Winston Churchill, Thomas Paine, Edith Wharton, Eugene O'Neill, and Gandhi. She considered



Mission Seminary at Lahainaluna Page 561.

From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum

FIGURE 4. Detail of a view of Lahainaluna from Hiram Bingham's memoir.

writing a biography of Lincoln the most difficult task she had ever undertaken.

The Apprenticeship of Abraham Lincoln is the first "juvenile" book I have ever seen reviewed in scholarly journals aimed at history professors. Mrs. Coolidge knew that hers was "only a young adult work, which Lincoln scholars will, at best, pat on the head as they pass by it." She must surely be gratified by the reception her book got, for it received more than a pat on the head. Yet even the very enthusiastic reviews she received generally ignored the most important point. When an editor at Scribner's suggested that Mrs. Coolidge write a book on Lincoln, she told her that no young adult book on Lincoln existed. Mrs. Coolidge laughed, but further checking revealed to her amazement that it was true.

I originally contemplated using this article first to let readers know that these were good Lincoln books and second to urge some caution in their use since any brief Lincoln biography must of necessity do some violence to the Lincoln story. Now I have decided against that. Whatever the limitations of her biography, Mrs. Coolidge's book fills too big a void and fills it too ably to indulge in any nit-picking and fault-finding. I was particularly encouraged to take a more booster-ish approach when I read two short articles by Mrs. Coolidge describing the way she went about writing her biography. These appeared in *The Horn Book Magazine* (which reviews children's literature) and the *Wilson Library Bulletin*, two periodicals to which one is not ordinarily drawn in search of information about Abraham Lincoln.

What Mrs. Coolidge said was most reassuring. Discussing "My Struggle with Facts" in the *Wilson Library Bulletin* of October, 1974, she noted the sort of minor frustration which any careful author must resolve at some considerable effort without receiving any reward from the reader. She noted that Thomas Lincoln, Abraham's father, had lived in a cabin in Illinois at a place called Goose Nest Prairie. She first encountered the name in Albert Beveridge's substantial *Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1858*. Later she read Charles Coleman's *Abraham Lincoln and Coles County, Illinois* and noted, among other things, that Professor Coleman spelled the name "Goosenest." She then checked an 1879 history of Coles County and found that its author hyphenated the name ("Goose-nest"). Beveridge was one of the greatest of Lincoln biographers, Professor Coleman lived and taught near Coles County and is the recognized modern authority on Lincoln's family in Illinois, and certainly an historian of the very county cannot be taken too lightly! Yet the spelling must be resolved before the book goes to press. The resolution will probably offend some authority or other, and at best it will go by unnoticed by the reading public. Her careful attention to such matters is bound to please any reader, but what was especially reassuring about this anecdote was the evidence it gave of her acquaintance with the very best in the published literature on Lincoln. Beveridge's biography is still the best single book on Lincoln's life before the Presidency, and Charles Coleman's book is the best book on Lincoln family after young Abraham had left it to carve out his now famous career. This is very reassuring indeed, and I think that Mrs. Coolidge was not trying to drop names and cultivate an image as a careful and discriminating researcher. The audience she was writing for in a library bulletin was not one likely to contain a lot of people deeply familiar with the relative merits of the staggering corpus of works on Abraham Lincoln. Quite innocently, she gave her readers *double* reassurance.

"Writing about Abraham Lincoln," which appeared in *The Horn Book Magazine* in February, 1975, described the purpose of Mrs. Coolidge's biography in clear and sensible terms. She wrote, she said, "for anyone between the ages of fifteen and ninety who may not have time to read long books, may not read fluently enough to get through them, or is interested in the subject only in passing. Such people are not necessarily unintelligent. Indeed, the more intelligent they are, the more I am pleased. I want to give them adult ideas and conceptions, and I hope they like to think as well as to be told." It requires skill "to produce a book which explains itself as it goes along, keeps its eye firmly on Lincoln, and yet develops the national issues important in his life. If you say Lincoln is too big a subject to write about in a couple of two-hundred-page books, I admit you are probably correct, but I wanted to try."

She has not altogether succeeded, and the second volume,

which she anticipated would be more difficult, pleases me a little less than the first. There is something about the Lincoln Presidency which makes an author want to scatter his shots. The Civil War acts as a great centrifugal force in Lincoln biographies, hurling the biographer out to the farthest edges of the nation until somehow the President himself is lost sight of in a maze of military hierarchy and campaigns on several fronts. It seems almost irresistible, and it was this centrifugal force which caused the principal weakness in Benjamin Thomas's otherwise fine biography of Lincoln. In the war years, Lincoln sometimes appears to get lost in the shuffle. Olivia Coolidge's *Statesmanship of Abraham Lincoln* suffers a bit from a rather uncertain grasp of constitutional issues. The suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, for example, is not the same thing as the imposition of martial law, though she more than once implies that it is.

Mrs. Coolidge had a clear-headed awareness of difficulties. In an especially interesting passage in *The Horn Book* piece, she said:

But still the mass of material breaks my bounds and makes it difficult to keep from overemphasizing my views for brevity's sake. In writing other books, I have had practice in suggesting — here by a word and there by a phrase — some contrary opinion; but I have never had greater trouble in compressing without becoming arbitrary.

She has great appreciation not only for the bulk but also for the complexity of scholarship on Lincoln, and in general she picks and chooses with a careful and discerning eye.

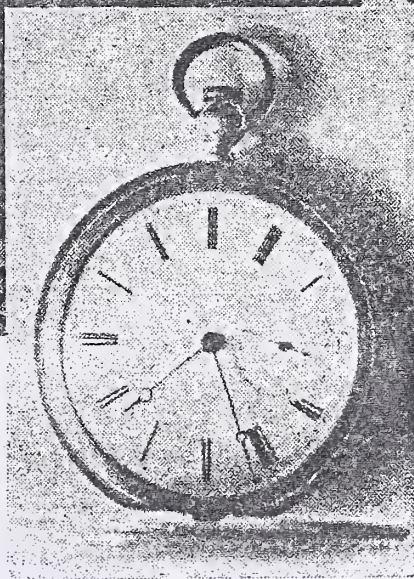
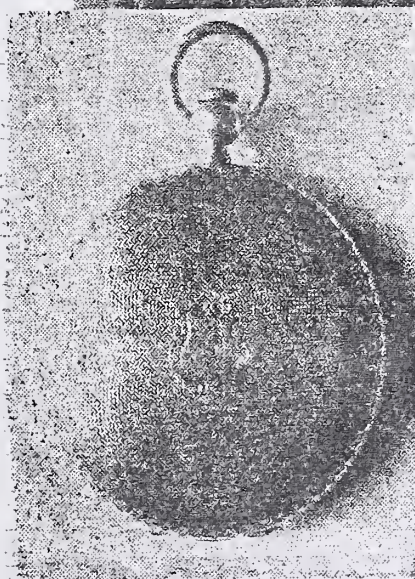
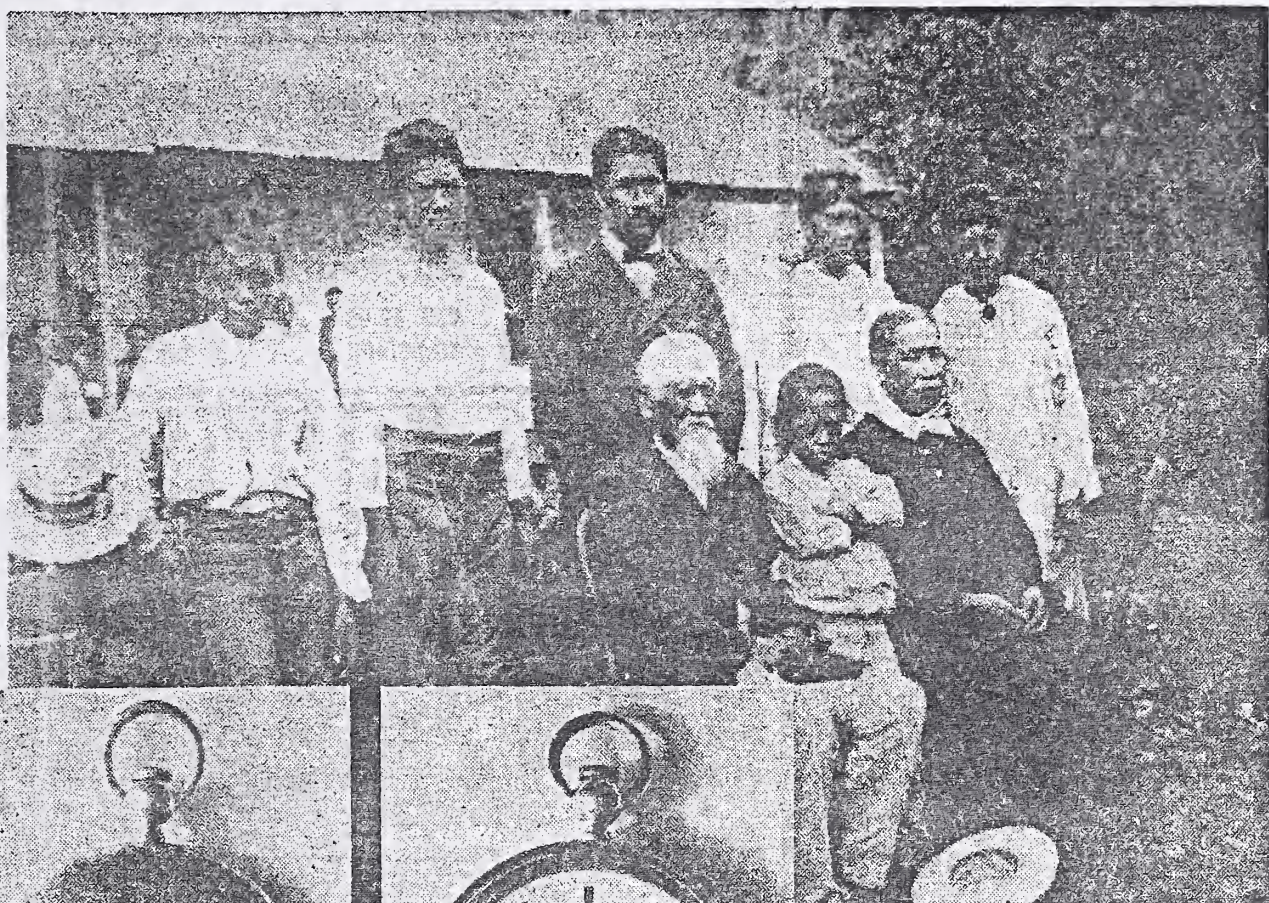
Mrs. Coolidge used no manuscript materials, of course, and she very properly does not see it as the role of the writer for young adults to introduce new materials or interpretations. "A young adult book," she argues, "essentially provides background which may serve as a magnet to attract and hold other knowledge." Nevertheless, she read widely in secondary books, read memoirs of people who knew Lincoln, and used *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln* judiciously. Her fine works on Lincoln should serve well to attract and hold a generation who, before she tackled this most difficult task of her literary life, had been abandoned to the void between illustrated children's books and the tough and sophisticated views of Lincoln one gets in college surveys of American history.



Courtesy Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston

FIGURE 5. Olivia Coolidge.

From President Lincoln



The Rev. James Hunnewell Kekela and his wife, Naomi, with an unidentified child between them. Behind them stands James Samuel Kekela, extreme left, his brother Hunnewell Kekela and Samuel, Kauwa and Kaula Kekela, son and daughters of the Rev. and his wife. The watch from Lincoln is shown in photos at left.

Lin to Rev. J. Kekela

HONOLULU, HAWAII

SUNDAY STAR-BULLETIN &
ADVERTISER
FEBRUARY 12TH, 1978

By Lois Taylor, Star-Bulletin Writer

Locked away in a vault because it has been stolen once, and unavailable for exhibit except to descendants of the Rev. James Hunnewell Kekela, is a gold watch. On the inside of the case is an inscription in Hawaiian.

Translated, it reads, "From the President of the United States to Rev. J. Kekela for his noble conduct in rescuing an American citizen from death on the island of Hiva Oa, January 14, 1864."

The president was Abraham Lincoln and the sure fate from which the American citizen was saved was that of being roasted alive and then eaten by Marquesan cannibals.

The watch is now the property of the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society, acquired by them many years ago from one of Kekela's family. This account of Kekela's "noble conduct" is gathered from the society's files.

James Kekela was born in Moku-leia, and given an annual \$50 scholarship to Lahainaluna School by James Hunnewell, a founder of the firm that is now C. Brewer and Co. In gratitude, Kekela added Hunnewell's name to his own. Kekela was the first Hawaiian to be ordained as a Christian minister, and in 1853 he was sent by the Hawaiian Mission Society as a pioneer missionary to the Marquesas Islands.

THE CANNIBAL TRIBES of the port village of Puamau had nursed a hatred for the white sailors who occasionally landed in their area, founded when a Peruvian whaling ship fired upon their village, raped

their women and carried their young men off to work in the mines of Peru.

The men of the village took a blood oath to eat the next white sailor to come ashore.

Into this background wandered Jonathan Whalon, the first mate of an American whaler, Congress, having heard of the beauty of the girls of Puamau.

Whalon was promised a girl if he would follow the men of the village into the hills, away from Kekela's mission station. He went willingly, his arms locked in those of the cannibals.

Then they leaped upon him, tied him up and threw him to the ground at the foot of a stone altar. A fire was being prepared for the roasting, he later recalled.

In the meantime, Kekela was informed by his assistant, Rev. Alexander Kaukau (an apt name for a missionary to the cannibals) that an American sailor was about to be sacrificed. Kaukau had tried to persuade the chief to free Whalon, but Mato's son had been kidnapped by Spanish sailors and he was bent on revenge.

KEKELA SENT AN emissary to Mato, offering his boat in exchange for the life of the sailor. Then he dressed himself in his Sunday clothes, carried his Bible, and hiked up the valley to confront Mato.

Kekela's composure impressed the cannibals, and when a gun was offered as well as the boat, Mato accepted the trade. Kekela led the terrified sailor back to the mission

and safety.

The account of Whalon's capture and rescue were recounted by his shipmates, and the incident eventually came to the attention of Abraham Lincoln. Although the Civil War was occupying most of his energy, the president found time in 1864 to send \$500 in gold to Dr. McBride, the U.S. Minister in Honolulu "for the purchase of suitable gifts."

McBride ordered a keywind watch of 13 jewels from Ferdinand Cartier of Switzerland. The watch was engraved in Hawaii, with "Kekela" in a crest on the watch cover and with the inscription inside.

Kekela thanked the president for his gift in a letter to Lincoln written in Hawaiian. The letter has been preserved in the Congressional Library in Washington, D.C., and excerpts from it have been translated into English and engraved on a stone tablet at Kawaiahao Church.

"AS TO THIS FRIENDLY deed of mine in saving Mr. Whalon," Kekela wrote, "its seed came from your great land, and was brought by certain of your countrymen, who had received the love of God. It was planted in Hawaii, and I brought it to plant in this land and in these dark regions, that they might receive the root of all that is good and true, which is love."

But Lincoln never read the letter. He was struck by an assassin's bullet while his staff was trying to locate a translator to interpret Kekela's message.

WILMON B. MENARD

Sent Photocopies from

4/26/93

file: Hawaii

Coll Wks: Vol. 5, p. 147

Vol. 6, p. 51, 69, 77 April 8, 1993

Vol. 7, p. 165

Vol. 8, p. 132

P. O. Box 3250
La Jolla, California 92038
U. S. A.

Mr. Mark E. Neely, Jr.
Lincoln Museum
Fort Wayne, Indiana, 46802

Hello, Mark Neely Jr.:

I communicated, in early February of this year, with Philip B. Kunhardt Jr., who is part of a family-team involved in Lincoln lore, especially photos, that had published a Photo-Biography titled LINCOLN, followed by a Television mini-series toward the latter part of December 1992. My reason for writing him was the possibility he might know, or be able to provide a source, to obtain a copy of some Lincoln correspondence related to a rather dramatic event that took place in the far South Pacific, in the once cannibal-isles of the Marquesas of French Polynesia.

The enclosed xerox copy of an article of mine gives details of this rescue of an American whaler by a Hawaiian missionary on Hiva Oa Island of the Marquesas in January (13th) 1864, a rather courageous act that Lincoln rewarded.

Reverend Kekela, posted to the Marquesas Isles, from a mission institute in Honolulu, did write Lincoln a letter thanking him for the gifts he sent, dated March 27, 1865. I have no knowledge if Lincoln wrote Kekela acknowledging receipt of his letter of thanks. As you will see by my account of the incident, the sending of the gifts to Kekela and several other participants was handled by Dr. James McBride, United States Minister-Resident in Honolulu at this time. I don't know if a letter from Lincoln accompanied the sending of the gifts. Possibly, the letter with the gifts was written by Dr. McBride, although I have the thought that Lincoln, although involved in the Civil War, might have replied to Kekela's letter. In any case, there must be some correspondence from Lincoln (a form-order perhaps) to someone in the White House, delegating him to purchase the gifts selected and dispatch them to Dr. McBride for forwarding to Kekela in the Marquesas. Perhaps all the correspondence of the Lincoln-Kekela incident might repose in the Dr. McBride file of some archive in Washington. I have already, several years ago, ascertained that no correspondence can be found in the Library of Congress files on the Kekela event. But I do feel that this was such a noteworthy happening, it would have made the newspapers in Washington, D.C., despite the war news. Somewhere, I'm sure, Kekela's letter and the Lincoln order for the gifts (perhaps even a letter from Lincoln to Kekela) is in some long-stored archives.

Philip Kunhardt was of the opinion that if anyone would know of a source, you would.

Most appreciative if you would suggest a source where I might find, hopefully, the elusive Kekela-Lincoln-Dr.-McBride correspondence.

Stamped/addressed envelope enclosed. You might want a copy of the Kekela event, enclosed, so feel free to retain it for your files. Perhaps you already have a copy of one of the many versions I've rewritten over the past two decades, that have been published.

Best regards,

(Phone (619) 459-8622)

Wilmon Menard

4/28/93 sent title page of Hawaiian book

Article - "The Story of a Watch"
by Casey - newspaper art. 1978

of Monaghan &

LL 1673

p. 430

Art.

South Pac
celebration by
Vandervelle

file :
Hawaii



Missionary And Abe Lincoln

An epic of courage and devotion that came to the attention of America's most honored president in the dark days of the Civil War.

by Wilmon Menard

THERE ARE ALMOST A MILLION tourists who annually visit Hawaii, our 50th mid-Pacific island-state. They spend about \$300,000,000 each year to relax in these lovely subtropical isles. But in their carefree days in search of exotic foods, sightseeing and entertainment, they overlook some remarkable mementos which commemorate the courage and unselfish dedication to principle of some of Hawaii's own people.

For example, there's a bronze plaque beside the driveway of the Kawaiahao Church in downtown Honolulu at which few, if any, tourists ever pause. If they did, they'd discover an interesting fact and a reference to a little-known act of heroism, which "The Great Emancipator" duly rewarded.

The aged bronze plaque honors a brave Hawaiian missionary by the name of James Kekela, who in 1853 sailed to the cannibal isles of the Marquesas, a thousand miles northeast of Tahiti in the far South Pacific, to bring the word of God to the savage man-eaters—and whose heroic act in a dramatically dangerous meeting, Abraham Lincoln found time during the bitter and dark days of the Civil War to recognize and reward.

The True Account

The Reverend James Kekela landed in the lonely and remote island of Hiva Oa of the Marquesas group in 1853 with few possessions. Here he was to labor in this South Seas Lord's Vineyard for 46 long years. His one important effort was to induce the Marquesan cannibals to change their diet

from *puaka-enaka* (human "long-pig") to just the wild pigs of the valleys. And it was through Kekela, at long last, that his Marquesan converts were to become acquainted with America's beloved President Lincoln.

Reverend Kekela established his mission-station, home and garden on the extreme northeasterly coast of Hiva Oa, at Puamau, and installed his large family of sons and daughters who had accompanied him from Honolulu. Because Kekela and his wife and children were Hawaiians, related to the Polynesian Marquesans, who had populated Hawaii in the year 1000 A.D., the cannibal tribes tolerated them.

But the Marquesans hated white men, particularly the wild tribes of Puamau. They had long been menaced by white seamen and harpooners off the whaleships, who frequently came ashore into the villages to drink, carouse, fight and curse. This hatred of white men was increased when a Peruvian slave-labor sailing ship, having heard of the physical strength of the Marquesan men, sailed into Puamau Bay, firing their cannons at the defenseless villages and then coming ashore, under arms, to kidnap men and women to work in the guano mines of Peru's Chincha Islands. Even the son of the Puamau Chief Mato had been carried off. The Puamau cannibals took a vow to eat the next white man found ashore, or who could be lured from a ship to the beach.

It was unfortunate timing that the American whaling-vessel, *Congress*, out of New Bedford, Mass., under command of Capt Francis E. Stranberg, dropped anchor Jan.

13, 1864, in the Bay of Puamau. Damaged by a storm at sea, the *Congress* had been forced into the bay to make necessary repairs to hull and rigging, and also to water and provision.

And it was doubly unlucky that the mate of the whaler, with the name, oddly, of Jonathan Whalon, decided to go ashore, even against the captain's warning the "the natives here are cannibals!"

Whalon Goes Ashore

While the captain was napping in his cabin, Whalon had two shore-boats loaded with articles of trade: knives, flints, hatchets and muskets, and headed toward the beach. When they came in close to shore, a group of painted Marquesan cannibals came out of a coconut grove, waving in a friendly manner. When the boat headed in closer, Whalon jumped over the side and splashed ashore. He ordered the longboats to stand off until he could safely find out about "trading conditions." The last the crew of the two boats saw of the mate, he was being led up the valley, arm-in-arm with two giant cannibals.

Far back in the valley, the cannibals by sign-language explained to him that they would let him join them in a wild pig hunt. He stood watching while a roasting-oven was being prepared, even helping now and again to carry huge boulders onto the mound of logs which would be set afire to heat the roasting-rocks. Then when the cannibal-pit was ready, the cannibals encircled Whalon. Now, in panic, he knew he was to be the "pig" for the feast! He tried to escape to the beach, but the warriors seized and pinioned him to the ground. Roughly, they stripped him of his clothes. His pants and jacket were claimed by two high chiefs, and his buttons were cut off and distributed for souvenirs of the cannibal banquet to the lesser sub-chiefs.



Then they commenced a systematic torturing of Whalon, a Marquesan cannibal-ritual preparatory to crushing a victim's head for the roasting-oven. They kept pinching his flesh, as if to knead it into a more tender condition. They bent his fingers and thumbs backwards until he howled in agony. Some struck at his legs, arms and head with razor-sharp hatchets, always missing by a hair's margin. This was the traditional Marquesan play of violence before tossing a victim into a ground-oven lined with huge fired rocks. Slaughtering a white man for a Marquesan was not enough, first there had to be torture, and vengeance was never fulfilled until all the tribe and guests had partaken of a part of the body.

Down on the beach, the two waiting longboats, standing some distance offshore were beckoned to land by another party of cannibals who had come down from the valley, in hopes of luring more white men ashore for a bigger feast. But a Marquesan girl, a convert of Kekela's, living with his family, motioned them to row back to the ship, shouting: "Pull away! Pull away!"

The Reverend James Kekela had been away to a closeby island of Tahuata, to visit a chief named Tahitona, when the capture of Whalon had taken place. Upon his return to the mission-station at 9 a.m. on January 13, christianized Marquesans informed him that "a certain white man is about to be 'roasted!'"

"And who is doing the 'roasting?'" demanded the missionary.

He was told that it was a cannibal-chief by the name of Mato, who ruled the territory just beyond the mission-station.

Kekela Confronts Cannibal Chief

Kekela dressed himself in his Sunday preaching-clothes, and accompanied by an Hawaiian assistant named Alexander Kaukau rushed up the valley.



Invading the pagan cannibal clearing, he addressed Chief Mato sternly: "Now look here, Mato, this is a very wicked thing you are about to do. I am here to ask you to deliver the white man unharmed to me."

"All white men are alike!" shouted Mato. "They took away my favorite son into slavery and to die, and he will never come back, nor few of my stolen people!"

The missionary reasoned with the enraged chief: "Mato, this man is not from the country that harmed your people. He is an American, Now stop this wicked thing you are about to do! Do not kill this white man! He has done no wrong!"

Mato snarled: "They are all one kind, these white men! This is all I have to say to you, Kekela: whether the captain of the whaleship out there gives me a new boat for the ransom of this white man or not, I shall roast and eat his heart and eyes!"

A German carpenter by the name of B. Nagel and Chief Tahitona arrived at this moment, and offered Mato valuable gifts for the life of the whaler. But Mato refused to release Whalon.

Aroused to a murderous frenzy by their interference, Mato turned upon Kekela, his sharp hatchet raised to deliver a fatal blow. But Kekela did not cringe or step backward. Mato hesitated, glared at him. He couldn't reconcile in his primitive mind the rashness of this Hawaiian daring to enter his *kapu* (taboo) territory to demand the life of the white whaler.

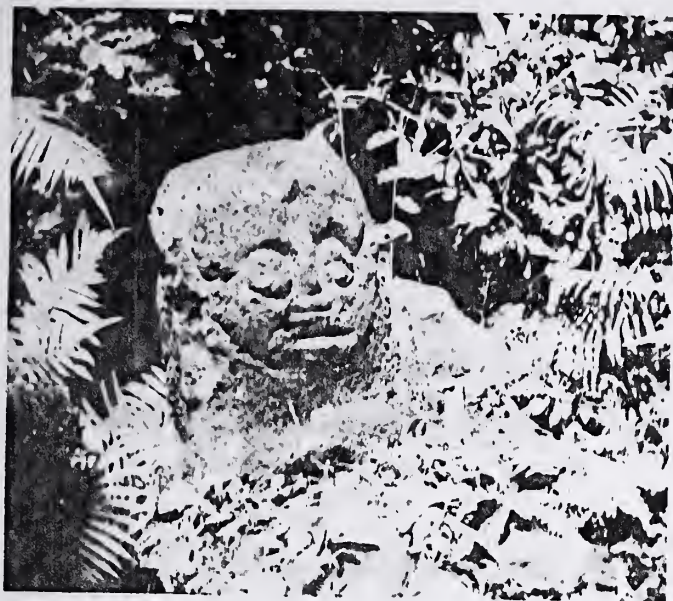
"I could roast and eat you, too!" roared Mato.

But Kekela remained erect, unafraid, almost heroic in his posture, his face sternly accusing. Mato lowered his hatchet. All he had heard about Kekela was good. The Hawaiian *mikinare* (missionary) was respected and admired in Hiva Oa, and did not cheat his tribesmen as did the traders and ships' captains—and was he not of a cousin-race, that had originally been Marquesans?

Mato glanced uncertainly aside at Whalon, now trussed up under a giant *mape* (chestnut) tree, and he muttered shourly: "His flesh looks stringy and tough!"

Kekela readily agreed. "Most seamen's flesh is salty in taste, too. Not really worth the roasting is my opinion."

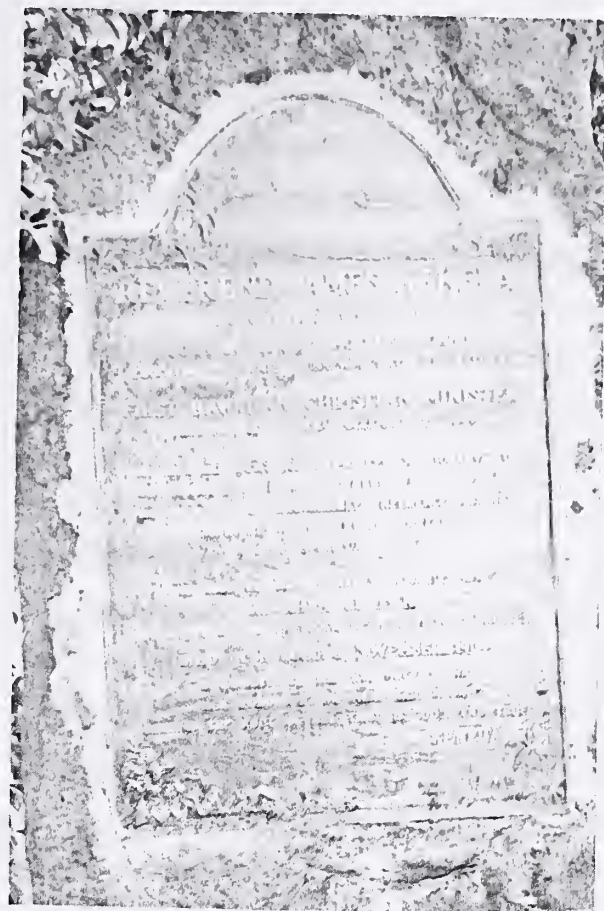
So Mato at last agreed to accept Kekela's musket, a large amount of ball and powder, the missionary's boat, his stiffly starched white trousers, black claw-hammer jacket and moth-eaten beaver hat, which the missionary removed on the spot and handed to the cannibal chief. Other trade-goods were supplied by B. Nagel and Chief Tahitona. Thereupon, Jonathan Whalon, the *Congress's* mate, was released.



Whalon Is Released

Hurriedly, Kekela led the whalerman beyond the boundary that separated the domain of two high chiefs of Puamau, and across which to recapture a *kapu* person would lead to open warfare between the two tribes. Whalon was confined to the home of James Kekela, where he would be safe from the young, dissatisfied warriors of Mato, should they try to seize him again.

In writing of that night of liberation, Kekela recorded in his diary: "The poor wretch tossed and turned all night on his cot, moaning and whimpering. Every sound brought him to his feet, exclaiming: 'They've come for me! Oh, save



me . . . save me!" I finally got him to kneel down and thank the Good Lord for saving him. And, thereupon, Mr. Whalon calmed down and slept an hour or two."

Saturday morning, Jan. 16, 1864, the *Congress* sailed in close to Puamau, upon instructions from Kekela, and he and Chief Tahitona delivered the exhausted, dazed mate in a canoe to a grateful Capt Stranberg.

"Friendly natives, eh, Mister Whalon?" the Captain sarcastically greeted his mate. "Care to go up that valley and bid them all goodbye?"

The courageous and dramatic role played by James Kekela was reported when the *Congress* returned to New Bedford. The full report was finally placed upon Abraham Lincoln's desk. Although Lincoln was deeply engrossed and worried over the Civil War between the States, he was so moved by Kekela's bravery that he made arrangements for the purchase of suitable gifts which would express his gratitude to the missionary and the others for participating in the daring deliverance of the whalerman. He personally ordered that \$500 in gold was to be sent to Dr. James McBride, United States Minister-Resident in Honolulu, for rewarding Kekela and his friends.

The following gifts were sent: two gold hunting-case watches, made by Ferdinand Cartier of Locle, Switzerland, were specified for James Kekela and Alexander Kaukau; two double-barrelled guns, one for the Marquesan chief Tahitona and the other for B. Nagel, a silver medal for the girl who had warned the two longboats away; and lastly a spy-glass, two quadrants and two charts for the use of Kekela—in all 10 gifts. These articles were delivered by the missionary-ship *Morning Star*, which sailed from Honolulu to the Marquesas in February of 1865.



Missionary Thanks Lincoln

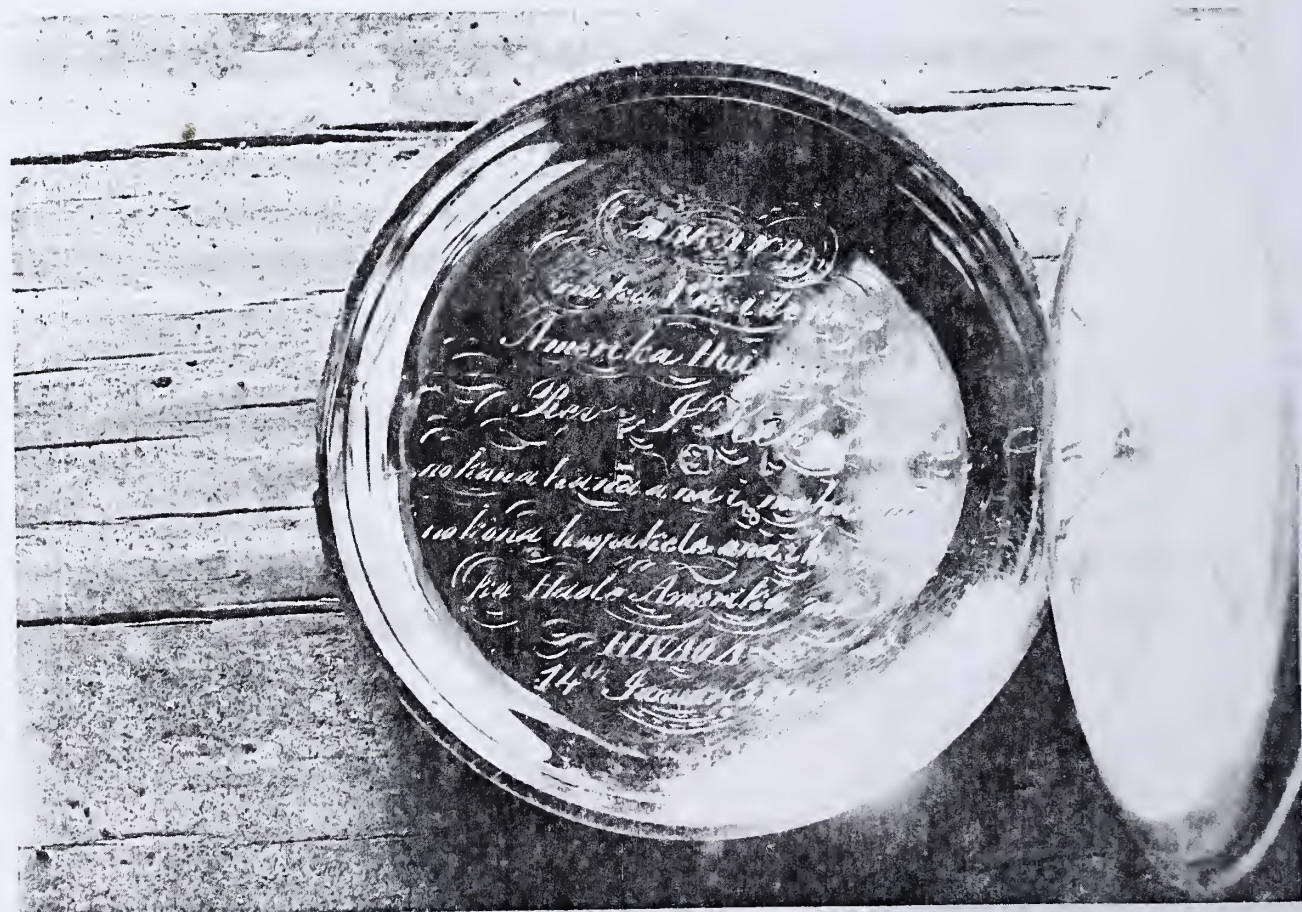
James Kekela acknowledged receipt of the gifts in a personal letter, in Hawaiian, to the President of the United States, which, in part, is as follows:

"Greetings to you, great and good friend:

"We have received your gifts of friendship . . . It is, indeed, in keeping with all I have known of your acts as President of the United States . . . From your great land a most precious seed was brought to the land of darkness. This is a great thing for your nation to boast of, before all the nations of the earth . . . Your deeds are those of love . . . And so may the love of the Lord Jesus abound with you until the end of this terrible war in your land . . ."

Later, author Robert Louis Stevenson visited the Marquesas in 1888 in his chartered 74-foot yacht *Casco*. While anchored in Tae O Hae Bay, of Nuku Hiva Island, not too far from Hiva Oa, a missionary by the name of Kauwealoha, also from Honolulu, visited Stevenson and showed him a copy of the letter of thanks which James Kekela had sent, after receiving the gifts, to President Lincoln. Stevenson was visibly moved, and later wrote in his volume of Pacific yachting, *In the South Seas*: "I do not envy the man who can read it without emotion."

As for the watch that Kekela received from the President, it remained for many years in the Marquesas, in the possession of his son Samuel, who tried to sell it from time to time to visiting yachtsmen, as late as the mid-1930s. Finally a group of missionaries in the Marquesas purchased it, and presented the time-piece to the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society in Honolulu, to which Kekela related his ser-



vices when he returned in retirement from the Marquesas to Honolulu at the turn of the 20th Century. Today it is in their museum.

Many changes have come to the islands of the Marquesas since the days of the whaleships and the soul-saving James Kekela, but for those who would otherwise forget what life there was like almost a century and a quarter ago, James Kekela's memorial tablet at the side of the driveway of the Kawaiahao Church on lower King Street in Honolulu, bears this inscription as a reminder:

"... in 1864, he was signally rewarded by Abraham Lincoln for rescuing an American seaman from cannibals."

And at the bottom of the tablet, in Hawaiian, is James Kekela's life-long philosophy which had given him the courage to brave death in aiding another fellow-being:

"O ke Aloha, oia ka molo o na mea pono ame na me oiaio a pau.

"Love is the root of all that is good and true."

James Kekela lived out his remaining years in Honolulu, almost reaching 100 years of age,—to his last days a dedicated and gentle man of God.

He was never to forget the plight of the whaler with his cannibal captors of the Marquesas. In a last interview, not long before he passed away to his deserved glory, he commented:

"Had I arrived five minutes later to Mato's cannibal ground, it would have been too late. Mr. Whalon would surely have gone into the roasting ground-oven. And, by strict Marquesan etiquette, being a spectator, on penalty of death, I would have had to eat part of the man's leg or arm. I don't think I would have cared too much for that, you know." ★★★



Wilmon Menard, a Honolulu resident, has a Ph.D. and Soc.D. in Polynesian/Asiatic anthropology and sociology and is considered a Pacific authority. He has been a successful free-lance writer for 30 years, with factual and fictional stories appearing in many national and international publications. During WW II he was a war correspondent in the southwest Pacific, attached to advance Naval combat units, covering major island invasions. Menard is a former Time/Life correspondent, a screen writer for Universal International and MGM and has written extensively for radio and television.

Retired? Why not relax, too? San Diego's full-service retirement lodge.

Here's the place to relax; to fully enjoy retirement. Private, ground-level apartment with maid service. Three meals daily, selecting from a variety of menus. Special diets as needed. Kitchenette for snacks. Scheduled transportation each day, plus frequent recreational trips. Complete infirmary with nurses on duty round-the-clock. Auditorium, library, TV center, beauty shop. Heated swimming pool, shuffleboard, and other recreational facilities. Personal laundry service. And more.

NO ENTRANCE FEE, no capital investment. Come for a few months or stay for a lifetime. Rates begin at \$480. per month, including apartment, all meals, all regular services of the Lodge.

PLAN NOW TO VISIT US. Just a few blocks south of Highway 94, only freeway minutes from downtown San Diego. One of the finest climates in the world. Phone or write Violet Hertzberg, Director, and let us know when you're coming. . . . or send the coupon for full color illustrated brochure.

MONTE VISTA RETIREMENT LODGE

2211 Massachusetts Avenue / Lemon Grove, California 92045 / (714) 465-1331

YES. Please send me one of your full-color, illustrated brochures.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Phone _____

OWN YOUR OWN JOHNNY UNITAS DONUTS PLUS FRANCHISE

Strictly drive-up window service for fresh donuts, sandwiches, etc. Locations in parking lots of large shopping centers. One attendant operation. Complete turn key franchise package \$27,500—\$37,500 each. Potential estimated min. net \$45 per day (non working owner). Franchises available in N.J., L.I., N.Y., and the N.E. States. **ONLY** financially responsible parties reply for details and an appointment to visit our pilot unit. Write **JOHNNY UNITAS DONUTS PLUS**, Route 1, Rye, N.H. 03870.

GO WITH THE PROS



Wilmon B. Menard

12a
file: Hawaii

P. O. Box 3250
La Jolla, California 92038
U. S. A.

Tuesday, June first, 1993

Ruth Cook
Lincoln Museum
1300 South Clinton
Fort Wayne, Indiana, 46801

Greetings, Ruth Cook:

My tardiness in acknowledging the second packet of most invaluable material on related James Kekela-President Lincoln history, concerning the whaler's rescue, has been occasioned by a writing field-trip. I was so grateful, when I went through all the important items, to find such important research on your part in so thoughtfully selecting what your diligent research entailed. Believe me, I am so appreciative.

What a discovery, for me, is the Lincoln biography in Hawaiian! How in the world did you ever locate it, among what must be a vast collection of Lincoln documents?

Also, the xerox copies of the different Kekela-Lincoln watch account. I note that the author of the Illinois History article, page 107, Carolyn Casey of Sterling Township High School, referred to a very early account of mine in the Natural History Magazine, February 1948, pp. 64-65. A very minor error in the Casey article, fifth line: Hiva Oa is "one of the Marquesas Islands."

The Lois Taylor article in the Star-Bulletin Newspaper, of February 12, 1978, on Kekela-Lincoln I have in my files in Honolulu, so I was pleased to get your xerox. Taylor I know, and she phoned me at the time of her writing of the article, inquiring for photos and some points of information, which I fortunately could offer. Taylor was for years on the staff of the Star-Bulletin, and a most talented and experienced columnist. And the Lincoln-Douglas (Samuel Long version) I consider a must for my files, as it places Long as a Consul to Lahaina in the then Sandwich Islands (Hawaii).

I've written (a week ago) to the Lincoln Museum in Springfield, Illinois, also to Lincoln Museum in Washington, D.C., hopefully to obtain a handwritten xerox of Lincoln's condolences to King Kamehameha the Fifth of the death of his brother, King Kamehameha the Fourth.

I would say that the possibility of Lincoln replying himself to Kekela's letter of thanks, for the gifts which Lincoln ordered sent to James Kekela in the Marquesas, is only a remote possibility. Kekela's letter of thanks was written March 27, 1865, upon delayed arrival of the gifts by the barkentine Morning Star, owned by the Hunnewells of Honolulu. As the letter was in Hawaiian, and brought back to Honolulu aboard the Morning Star via Dr. McBride for forwarding, translated, to Washington, D.C., it never could have arrived for Lincoln's reply. Lincoln was assassinated April 14, 1865. But I wonder if Andrew Johnson (President from 1865-1869) of William Seward did -- or was it Dr. McBride? I have also inquired of Springfield Museum and Washington, D.C. I'll let you know if I hear. Again, my sincere gratitude for your gracious assistance and cooperation. Photos promised will be sent shortly.

Regards,

Wilmon Menard

AMERICAN ACTOR SERIES

THE ELDER AND THE YOUNGER
BOOTH

By ASIA BOOTH CLARKE



BOSTON
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY
1882

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.



JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH *Frontispiece*

From a Daguerreotype taken in 1848.

FAC-SIMILE OF PLAY-BILL 21

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH AS "POSTHUMUS" 42

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH AS RICHARD III. 73

LETTER OF JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH 95

EDWIN BOOTH 117

EDWIN BOOTH AS "RICHELIEU" 155

From a Portrait by John Collier of London.

net and realized the absurd as amusing as any in which ever acted on a mimic stage. The destination of the vessel, in agreement with Manager Torn-
Miss Keene's *Portia*. His *II.* was enthusiastically received to Melbourne, where but in; the dull state of every affecting the theatres. Booth of Mr. Hamilton and his of Thomas Hamblin, at one every Theatre, New York, and and an old Irish comedian these people were unable to decided as to their future moment, they determined Edwin accompanying them. the last-mentioned city *en* quently stopped at the Sand- this occasion for some rea- Booth and Mr. Anderson ment there rather than go ut money. An agreement five professionals, and the secured, for which Booth essed, fifty dollars, in ad- They were joined by two than themselves, who had a strolling company some e was constructed by sev-

eral houses being thrown into one building, and the company, comprising seven persons, slept in the theatre, which saved the rent for lodgings. One of the actors, Mr. Roe, was a short, thick-set Dutchman, of unprepossessing countenance, who had been accustomed to play female rôles, and who undertook the same line to support Booth, "doubling" the characters of the *Duke of Norfolk* and *Duchess of York*. The King of the Sandwich Islands had lately died, and, the court being in mourning, his successor was unable to attend the theatre publicly; but, expressing a desire to witness Booth's performance of *Richard III.*, his Majesty was accommodated behind the scenes. The arm-chair used for the stage-throne was placed at the wing, with Edwin's theatrical robe thrown over it, and the king seated himself upon it; his escort, who were a Frenchman and a huge Kanaka, the latter wearing a military jacket, white trousers, and a long sword, stood by his side. Edwin was compelled to trouble the king for the throne in the coronation scene, and his Majesty good-naturedly stood until it was returned for his use. Kamehameha IV. was an educated gentleman, speaking English fluently; he told Edwin that when he was a little boy he had seen the elder Booth perform *Richard III.* at the Chatham Theatre in New York.

A letter from Mrs. Sinclair greeted Booth on his arrival at San Francisco, offering him an engagement to play with her at her own theatre, the Metropolitan; he accepted, and his personation of *Benedict* to Mrs. Sinclair's *Rosalind* was enthusiastically received by a large audience. The "business," at first most gratify-



HAWAII

DRAWER 12A

OTHER STATES

